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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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George W. Elliott.

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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Scold, scold, thump, thump, scold, scold away! There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day!"

Nonsense! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing days, it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am sadly mistaken.

Washing day! why it was the happiest twelve hours of the week to "us children." We could scarcely sleep all the night before from fervent anticipations of the frolic which brought it. It was astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning.

A nice tidy old creature was our washerwoman, one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself, had he seen her wandering along the shady path, in the cool morning, with a kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap, and tied beneath the chin. Gray or Pige would have taken a fancy to the old woman, even before her sad, mild face came in view. There was something picturesque about her raiment, and her movements were in fine keeping with the dewy quietude of the morning.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely trampled greenward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Opposite stood a huge willow tree, with a profusion of delicate foliage drooping over its heavy branches to the ground. Behind this tree stood a two-story house, white as a snow-drift, and surrounded by rose thickets; a light portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle vine had twisted itself like a wreath. The house was so near that Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window, and when a young girl would come into a portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery-frame, which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great dexterity, and blush to be so earnestly greeted by the accomplished and beautiful girl in her village. She knew this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was this presence near a window, with his flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida, in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding-school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of attack. She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron, she had sent to his poetry, it was so soft, and would be so obliged if Mr. Gilbert favored her by the loan of Childs Harold, or Manfred, or his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warner across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again. "Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more—Miss Smith was so delighted with it!"

Mr. Gilbert unscrewing his flute, laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith, but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit on no other device, so she gave an additional flourish to her dress, let down a ringlet of more subduing length from her hair, moved her work-table decidedly opposite the door, and had resolved on a seige, the success of which must depend on her own personal attractions; when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended for Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked toward her more than twenty times a day, but on one instance he paused in the entry passage, and took a step toward the door, as if tempted to enter. But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, and sit down by the young lady who was loitering away the morning in his shade.

The next day it rained, and every thing looked dull and miserable. The water-drops pattered ceaselessly against the windows, and the old willow stood on the green with its branches drooping to the earth, like the plume of a great bird that could find no shelter. The room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith sat by her table, disappointed and cross. "The moist air, which swept in from the entry, took the stifling from her silk, and if she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the damp had taken her ringlets out of curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," said Miss Smith; "Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday, the boy has come after it, I suppose."

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work, when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her shawl, and seemed tempted to commence deprecations on the curl-papers forthwith. Lida took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss Smith, and began to turn over a volume of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing the book which Miss Smith desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he was not too much engaged—she had been informed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the light was so dim that he must sit by the window—so he,

unfamiliar Lida, it was good for nothing in a court of law, and no damages were likely to follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had he deigned to take effect—for the was already engaged to a young lady who had just returned from boarding-school in New Haven; and the fine old homestead, which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old-fashioned flower garden attached, was at that very moment surrounded with the noise of workmen who were preparing it for the reception of a bride.

Once, as she sat, she actually lit the pipe from the paper-bound volume, when his position admitted of this effort without too much trouble, and looked earnestly into the milliner's room; but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longest curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed, not on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter.

It might well gaze on the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat, in a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in a single massive braid around her finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping out from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttering about the rose-colored silk she was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a front window directly out of range with the door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay before it, and the poor girl was delighted with the change. Direct to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cool blue sky beyond. She was very grateful for the change in her position, and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began to applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been exceedingly agreeable.

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moving his chair with the self-possession of a man accustomed to having his own way—he sat down within a few paces of Lida. She did not look up, but the most delicate of all blushes broke in to her cheek, and the young man saw that her fingers were a little tremulous, as she bent diligently over her work. He seemed busy searching for a favorite poem, and Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity to let down a quantity of black hair, which the mutilated pattern had failed to render more than wavy, and giving her a light shake, she drew her chair to the window, ordered Lida to place a block for her feet, and folding her hands with a graceful languor composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her hands, and exclaimed—Beautiful! Exquisite! Oh! how sweet! while the reading of Childs Harold went on; or to give any description of the color which glowed and deepened in the cheek of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems beneath her drooping lashes. But it is quite necessary to inform the reader that after this rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visitor at the milliner's shop—that he read Childs Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked at Lida and answered no—he would read them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was delighted with this indication that her neighbor desired a *tertium quid*, and Lida, who had heard Byron for the first time—though she had read more than most girls of her age—was quite unconscious of the compliment paid to her purity of character in the denial. The lawyer had a large library, and there was no lack of books for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was reading, but it was pleasant for an indolent and refined man like Gilbert to study the changes of her sweet face. It was like a volume of unwritten poetry; which no one could read but himself. In less than a week his easy chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every day, and he was quite domesticated among the straw trimmings, scraps of satin, and pasteboard clips, that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a remarkable pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy it perfectly, there must be some companionship. It was very pleasant and agreeable for Miss Warner to return from a four years' residence at school, to be the richest and most accomplished belle of a country village. It was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books, had no one but a widowed mother to bestow the flattery which schoolmasters barter one with the other, as she detested all useful employment, it was to be expected that her time must pass somewhat heavily, especially after the first objects that presented themselves when she went to lounge away her mornings in the portico, where the sweet face of our Lida bent over her work, by the opposite window, and just beyond, the dark locks and white forehead of her own affianced husband. Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous, but she was very idle, and so, naturally enough, began to think it just possible that the country milliner might have received something worth looking at from town. One morning, she was seen crossing the highway, elaborately dressed, with delicate peach blossom gloves on her pretty hands, with a deep fringed parasol guarding her face from the sun. There was a great deal of artificial grace in her step as she glided over the green sward, and the little affected knock which she gave to the milliner's door was eloquent of high breeding. Then there was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like a guilty thing by the window. Gilbert touched his lips to peach blossom glove, but when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Lida, he dropped it again, and a dash of color swept over his forehead. Miss Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her finery, and displayed more flattery into a conversation of fifteen minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn flaps, than was ever bestowed in the same time on those ladies who purchase it by the year, in the form of a humble companion.

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order to withstand this incense to her vanity, and even if her affianced husband had not been a constant visitor, it is doubtful if the honeysuckle portico would not soon have been abandoned for the milliner's room and its gossiping freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gilbert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he did. She thought Miss Smith "such a nice creature—such a dear, good soul—so capable of appreciating true elegance of manner—so very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps." It was beautiful to see how condescending the sated Miss became, how useful she made herself in snipping up little bits of satin, and how prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think she would make a good milliner, if she should not learn the trade, and other important questions, which must have diversified the passage of Milton and Young, which he was reading, with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection painfully aroused, cannot be divested of generosity; but that which arises from mortified vanity, is bitter and implacable. It was not long before Miss Smith became convinced that the gentle girl who sat listening with such intense interest to every word that dropped from the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit words to his affianced bride were enough to arouse her attention to the damask color that came and went in the poor girl's cheek whenever young Gilbert addressed

'Artful wretch!' muttered the future bride, setting her pearl white teeth passionately together as she spoke; 'she think of attracting him!' and with a slight scornful laugh, in which the milliner joined, she began practicing her steps in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his affianced bride, and the next day he sent in a book for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room altogether. The young apprentice only saw him as he crossed the green toward the building; his countenance was very serious, and he seemed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She took the milliner into a distant part of the room and as they conversed in low voices, a scornful laugh now and then reached the apprentice, who had become nervous and sensitive, she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her visitor to the entry.

'It is well I mentioned it in time,' she said, in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glove as she attempted to draw it on.

'A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's daughter!' she said, with a curling lip.

'But he cared nothing about her?' rejoined Miss Smith, a little anxiously.

'No indeed; he was quite angry at the charge, and consented to stay from your room forever, if I desired it.'

'She would have made a splendid mistress for the homestead up yonder,' rejoined Miss Smith, with another low, disagreeable laugh; 'it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon it.'

'Splendid!' exclaimed the bride, with a light mocking laugh; 'but no, no—I should not so much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a washerwoman, but it would break my heart to know that any one but myself was mistress of the homestead and property.'

'Hark! did you not hear some one moving in his office?' said the milliner, listening apprehensively.

Miss Warner listened a moment, and then answered, in a faint voice—

'No; it cannot be. I saw him going to the house just as I came in.'

'Let us move away from his door, there is no harm in that,' whispered Miss Smith, and they walked down the entry conversing together. After a little while, the sound of their but-half suppressed laughter filled the little apartment.

'It would be a capital joke!' said the milliner.

'Just the punishment she deserves, presumptuous creature!' was the reply.

'But can you persuade him to join us?' was the next question.

'He shall!'

Gilbert was standing that night in the little portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening; every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain drops among the crimson flowers which shed a rich fragrance from the honeysuckle vine. She was by his side, his arm had been around her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had bent with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face, but now his arms were folded, and he looked almost sternly upon her.

'Do you really desire this, Louisa?' he said, in a deep, constrained voice; 'would you ever respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so unmanly an act?'

'I will never love you again, if you do not!' was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of disgust swept over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

'Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room to day?' he inquired.

'Yes—I was there just at sunset. But why do you ask?'

'No matter! Have you thought this all over: are you resolved to deceive this poor girl?'

'Resolute!'

'And you are willing that I devote myself to win her affections?'

'They are already given, without the trouble of asking.'

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight, and the word 'Unwomany!' was smothered between his compressed lips.

'And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims on my hand—on the homestead and property?' he added, with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—

'Yes—yes; I will do my part to perfection—how mortifying the truth will be when she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it is all a joke!'

'But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy!'

'Add refinement; pray, add refinement!—said the young girl, scornfully; 'pride, delicacy and refinement are such common attributes to the daughters of our washerwomen!'

'You are only doing this to annoy me,' said the young man; 'so good night, you will throw off the cruel wish before morning.'

'Shall I?' replied the girl, with a slow bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand on his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

'They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?'

'If you desire it,' was the cold and abstracted reply.

'Well; I shall be ready at ten. Good night! and gaily kissing her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

'It was her voice then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. I would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed

them. But she will not persist in any thing so cruel: it is absurd to suppose so. If she does; if she does; I will obey her.'

As he muttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholly poor Lida had been all the previous day; how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot-path through the fields tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast a sad, earnest gaze through the shop-window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The sight made the heart struggle with a throb of pain in Lida's bosom; and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of their footsteps in the entry made the young girl tremble in her seat.

'Come,' said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, 'put on your bonnet. We are going up to the house and want your opinion.'

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and for the first time in her life, the young lady addressed the apprentice.

'Get your sun-bonnet,' she said, 'you can go with us.'

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused; but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness, that she arose, tied on her little straw bonnet, and was ready to attend them long before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age; the trees around it were majestic, and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another century, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model; and the gloom which low ceilings gave to an apartment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor. Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others.

Lida had never seen any thing half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which more novelty could not dispel. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the ballusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered, and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old fashioned garden; and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose-tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms dropped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snowflakes all over the rich old easy chairs and moss-like carpet which decorated the room. On a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached, and as yet unused; a superb old book-case, crowded with neatly bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window, and a little French work-table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile toward Lida.

'How would you like this room for your own?' she said.

'Me?' said Lida, faintly; 'I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this.'

'But you can live here if you like,' replied the milliner.

'My mother was well off once, and she would not let me live out for any thing,' said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for 'help,' when she should take possession of the homestead; 'besides, I am not strong enough for very hard work!'

'Oh, we didn't mean that,' replied the milliner; 'Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you rather better than he does her, she is quite willing that he makes you mistress of the homestead, instead of herself.'

'Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner!' said the bewildered girl, turning very pale; 'I am sure, quite sure that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me!' Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and she had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes, as if she almost hoped they would contradict her.

'But he does think of you—he told me so last night!' said Miss Warner; 'and if I am willing to give him up, what harm can come of it?'

'And could you give him up?' said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

'Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth,' replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar; 'I am perfectly willing to resign him at any moment—so prepare for the wedding to-morrow, if you like!'

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow, she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

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WHIG MURMURINGS.

The Advertiser, as seen by the American, has been discharged of some gall and bitterness lately in regard to the Apportionment. It complains of Lincoln being attached to any portion of Oxford, and also of a dreadful plot designed and executed by persons in Oxford County. The man of the Advertiser has remarkable optics. He sees what is not to be seen.

"Any man with half an eye,
What is before him can see;
But he must have optics sharp I ween,
Who sees what is not to be seen."

We should like to see what Mr. Advertiser had to say on this subject; but as he will not have the courtesy to send us any edition of his offervicious draughts we cannot have the pleasure of passing our judgment upon them. We like to study the quintessence of Whiggery now and then. Will you exchange?

Murder.—A man by the name of Corliss was recently shot while standing near a Tavern in the City of New York. He was a notorious gambler, and kept a Saloon for the accommodation of those who wished to follow that business. It has not yet been ascertained by whom he was shot. A reward of \$500 was offered by the Mayor for the arrest of the criminal. So far it remains a mystery.

It was at first supposed that he had come to his end by the hand of a Mrs. Colton with whom he had had criminal intercourse. She and her husband were arrested, but their guilt was not proved. Corliss was a single man and had been guilty of criminal indulgence with some women. Colton had been informed of Corliss' intimacy with his wife, and had met him and requested him to desist. Corliss promised he would; but did not keep his promise, and boasted of it in the most insulting manner at a Hotel. Soon after Colton made an attempt upon the life of Corliss, but did not kill him. As the intercourse between Corliss and Mrs. Colton was still kept up in the absence of the husband, Colton dismissed his wife and sent her away. It is conjectured that Mrs. Colton being rejected by her husband and deserted by her paramour, through revenge took the life of the latter so as to bring about a reconciliation with her husband. This affair has occasioned considerable excitement. Previous to the death of Corliss, Colton was under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace, for having made the attempt above mentioned. Corliss was a man steeped in crime, and his death was as tragical as his life was infamous.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—This science (it) is causing a great sensation in Portland. Rev. Mr. Dods is there Lecturing. We never heard of him before; but he is said to be a profound believer in the truths of his subject, and an excellent lecturer. He defined Animal magnetism to be this. "The fully charged brain of neuro-vital fluid comes in gentle communication with a brain less highly charged and it passes from the magnetizer to the magnetized till the equilibrium is obtained." This is the definition, and it is like saying that the Solo-Lunar light commonly called moonshine is a beautiful affair. What is the nerve-vital fluid? How is the brain charged with it? How do we know if there is such a fluid and such a charging which one is more fully charged than another; or which one will be magnetized when the attempt is made?

Dods said it was his custom to have a Committee chosen when he was trying experiments, so as to prevent all idea of collusion. He wanted one believer and one unbeliever. Accordingly the audience selected Eliphaz Case, of the Argus—a believer—and Mr. Kingsbury of the American, a disbeliever. Several experiments were then performed. They are wonderful, says enough. The person on whom they are performed understands his duty to a charm. He says and acts just as the lecturer wishes him, or in other words just as he has been taught. Brother Kingsbury is likely to be a believer. He winds up his article on the subject as follows: "If on the contrary it be what that gentleman calls it, a science, then it is one of the most important. At any rate it deserves the closest attention." We should say "closest attention," in order that its fallacies might be detected and exposed. We have a skull so thick that this neuro-vital fluid would not shine through in we apprehend and we guess others would have if they hadn't more flesh than brains. We suppose that Prof. Dods has not arrived at the "Molasses" part of the subject yet. When he does, the article will probably be fifty cents a gallon. Our Farmers will wish Dods somewhere else.

WHIGISM.

The annexed extract from the Whig correspondent of the Whig Journal of Commerce, is a Whig account of the defunct Whig Congress. "When the 'dead march' and the 'rogues march,' become in the opinion of the Whigs themselves, the appropriate finale of two years' Whig rule, how rejoiced ought the country to be in getting back to the mild and just rule of Democracy, which the people, through the false charges and promises of these very 'rogues,' aided by excitement, intoxication and fraud, were induced to cast off in 1840!"

The extract.

One o'clock, A. M. Saturday morning. Time was when Congress, after its having run out, was dead. This is not the case now. Both houses are still kicking. The Senate is in secret session, kicking at nominations. The House is kicking against small motions to suspend the rules, for small purposes, such as paying small debts, &c. With the tenacity of desperation this Whig Congress holds on to power. They are an hour beyond their time. The "dead march" is beating for them—and another march, equally suitable and as well known. Can nothing but a Port au Prince earthquake get rid of them?

The Cumberland Alleglian states that a few days since, a Mrs. Dimmitt of Westernport, in that county, presented her husband with four children at one birth, and that they are all doing well. The mother has already done well!

Missouri has refused to district in obedience to the apportionment law. She is now entitled to five members, who are to be elected, as heretofore, by general ticket.

The Hon. Henry Clay, associated with his son, J. B. Clay, is again a practitioner at the bar of the courts of Kentucky.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

There was a very general expectation that such changes would be made in the Cabinet at the close of the late session of Congress, as would enable considerate Democrats to look upon the administration with kindness if they could not give it their support. Instead, however, of the expected amelioration, the Cabinet has been made decidedly worse. The respectable Mr. FORWARD has been exchanged for James Madison Porter, a gentleman not yet celebrated for talents, and whose only claim to Democracy is, that he is brother to Governor PORTER of Pennsylvania. A gentleman not obnoxious to any party, has been exchanged for one who is obnoxious to all parties, and this is the only improvement! At the head of the administration still stands Daniel Webster, in whom it is impossible for the great body of the Democracy to have the least confidence. Next in dignity we find John C. SPENCER, equally obnoxious to the Democracy in his own State, in whom the President has manifested his confidence by shifting him from the War Department to the Treasury. The three other members of the Cabinet, Messrs. UPSHUR, WICKLIFFE and LEGARE, if not particularly obnoxious, having to recommend them to the Democracy, two of them having been active soldiers in the Whig campaign of 1840.

Under these circumstances, is it possible that the President can expect support from any consistent, sincere and disinterested member of the Democratic party? Can he expect them to continue him in power, when they cannot but look upon the men he most trusts, as the most uncompromising enemies of their measures and principles? Mr. Webster asserted in his Panell Hall speech, that his political opinions are unchanged, and that he remained with the President when the Tip, Cabinet broke up, to get all he could out of him—in other words, to make his administration as Whiggish or Federal as possible; He announced, that he had advised him against his Bank vetoes which were hailed by the Democracy with delight, and claimed as his own the British Treaty and the Exchequer project, one of which was and the other he maintained ought to be, measures peculiar acceptable to the Whig party. Yet, with all these avowals long before him, some of them as disrespectful to the Chief Magistrate as they are anti-Democratic, the President retains this unclaimed, anti-war Federalist as his Chief counsellor.

Nothing really Democratic can be expected from an administration thus constituted. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Under the reigning influences, some of the very worst men in the country have been appointed to important offices, and others have been appointed from the very worst of motives. We do not mean to say, for we do not believe, that the President himself is corrupt; but we mean as we believe, that corrupt men have influenced some of his appointments. He has around him a tainted atmosphere and has not the firmness to remove the taint. There is not only a political but a moral taint in it, which repels all pure Democracy from his presence.

Yet, although the Democracy can give no general support to the administration, it cannot but feel grateful to the President for his vetoes of the Bank Bills. In those acts he rescued the country from impending danger, and there is no reason to doubt, that he did it from the most disinterested and patriotic motives. Would that in other acts as in these, he had disregarded the advice of his arch counsellor!

Grateful as the Democracy are to the President for his vetoes, they can have no confidence in an administration which is headed by a Webster, a Spencer, and a Porter. They are repelled, not only by the political character of the President's chief advisers, but by their measures. The leading object of the "Powers that be," is evidently to build up a new Party with the aid of the public patronage. Their organs virtually confess it. To be in favor of President Tyler, is the first qualification for office, big or little. Political support is openly rewarded and hope of advancement or pecuniary advantages, is appealed to as a motive for political activity. Of four members of the late House of Representatives who made themselves somewhat conspicuous in support of the President, three received appointments to high stations just at the close of their service in Congress; and Mr. HILL, who was making a demonstration in New Hampshire, was loaded with favors and appointments. In these cases there may be nothing wrong; but they do not look well. We recognize the right of an administration to prefer its friends to its foes, but not to give public employments as political rewards. If the giver or receiver look upon them in that light, it is corruption. And we fear most of the active support the administration gets in the country, arises from the possession or hope of such reward, and is therefore impure.

Yet, we have not the least fear, that a Party can be raised up in this country by the patronage of the Government. It does not reach a sufficient number of individuals. In a vast majority of the Post Offices, there is not a sufficient interest to sway the minds of the holders, whether honest or corrupt, and they are the only kind of federal office with which the people generally come in contact. The public patronage judiciously used, may be made a powerful auxiliary to a Party, but cannot form its basis. That must be laid in some principle or measure affecting the rights or interests of the great mass of the people. A Party resting on such a foundation, may be aided in rearing its structure and consolidating its power, by the public patronage; but it is a sandy foundation to build upon, as the result of the present attempt will prove.

We have been amused at the announcements from time to time, that some new Tyler paper has been established, or that some Democratic Paper has hoisted the Tyler flag. The new papers may be generally traced to men who spend their money to establish them on the same principle that they would buy tickets in a lottery where offices were the prizes; and in most cases, if not every case, the old Democratic papers have been bought from their old owners before they have run up the new flag. These changes have brought to our mind a scene in Salem, where a vessel, bought for the purpose and stationed in the North River, was blown up by a Torpedo, for the purpose of showing the efficacy of that instrument of destruction. Many were

the speculation* of the Gothamites as to the practical utility of the Torpedo as means of destroying British armed ships in time of war. At length, one more wise than the rest, said he had not the least doubt the whole British Navy might be destroyed by it, provided the ships were first bought up and moored quietly in the North River like the one they had that day seen blown to fragments.

We apprehend this is the only way that Democratic papers have been or can be converted to Tylerism. They first change owners. Their Democracy then becomes of the Webster-Jeffersonian sort, announced in the Patchogue speech and explained in Fanueil Hall. It will knock down any body that says it is not the true Jeffersonian Democracy, and throw overboard any one that says it is not genuine modern Whiggism. It is as brave as an anti-war Patriot on the 4th of July, and standing among unchanged Federalists, declares that it has always been one of them and is now.

This is the Democracy of the Webster School. The President hugs it to his bosom. He cannot hold Patchogue Democracy and true Democracy in his embrace at the same time: It is as easy to reconcile falsehood with truth. As he seems to have finally decided to adhere to the Patchogue species, all the true Democracy have to do, is to maintain their own integrity and leave him to his chosen associates. "Ephraim is added to his idols; let him alone."—Kendall's Expositor.

CABINET RUMORS. The New York Herald of Saturday states that letters were received in town on Friday by a number of prominent members of the democratic party, stating that President Tyler had called General Lewis Cass to the office of Secretary of State; Richard M. Johnson, as Secretary of War; Andrew Stevenson, late minister to Great Britain, as Postmaster General, and Charles A. Wickliffe, late Postmaster General, as Minister to France, and that they had consented to accept the appointments. The New York express also confirms this rumor. It was also rumored at New York, apparently on very good authority, that Mr. Curtis had been removed from the Collectorship of that port, and Mr. Van Ness, son-in-law of Mr. Rosevelt, M. C., had been appointed in his place.

A VETO.

Our State Legislature passed a bill establishing in each town in the State a Court over which a justice of the peace, chosen at the annual meetings of each town, should preside, with power to try all matters where the amount claimed did not exceed one hundred dollars—either party to the suit having the right to have a jury summoned in, who should decide the cause—no appeal being allowed unless the amount in dispute exceeded twenty dollars. This bill the Governor vetoed. Some of his reasons for so doing, were that it was hurried through the Legislature in haste, and that he had not had time to examine it—also that it was revolutionizing our whole Court system, &c. [Bath, Lincoln County, Inquirer.]

The apportionment bill which was passed at the late session of our Legislature, makes this county together with about half of Oxford, one district, entitled to one Representative to Congress. The whiggies do not like this. They fear the "huge paws" of old Oxford. We rather think they will find them hard customers to fight, when the day of election comes on.—Bath Inq.

A LAWYER CONGRESS.—From an analysis of the several vocations of members of Congress which has been published in the papers, the last Congress was composed of the following persons: Lawyers, 255; manufacturers, 2; Doctors, Clergymen and Farmers, 15; Merchants, 1; Professors unknown to the public, and probably unknown to the members, 21. What can we expect but talk, talk, so long as we send such a vast number of the talking profession to transact the business of the country?

Gov. Dorr's arrival in Rhode Island.—The arrival of this gentleman in Rhode Island has caused great excitement among the people of that State. The defenders of King Charles' Charter were partially demented, and talked blunders at the daring intruder. They say he is still liable to arrest, and that the reward of \$1000 is still out against him. It seems he arrived in Providence on Friday evening by the cars, and stopped with Sheriff Anthony until the next afternoon, when he went to Pawtucket. During his stay at the Capitol, thousands of his suffrage friends called to see him, and at Pawtucket, on the day after his arrival, it is computed that he was visited by upwards of four thousand persons. This is right—"honor to whom honor is due."

GOVERNOR STRONG'S JUSTICE.

The Bay State Democrat says that, speaking of Justice' Commissions, he is reminded of an anecdote related of a man who lived in Maine previous to the separation from Massachusetts. He was a blustering politician, who could neither read nor write, and who went the whole length in support of Mr. Strong for Governor. After his election, Governor Strong cast his eye around to see who among his supporters had been active, and should be rewarded with some little mark of distinction, such as a commission of Justice of the Peace. Among the rest, the man in Maine was indicated as being the leading federal politician in his town, and the Governor despatched him a commission in the usual form, with the broad seal of the State in one corner. The man had been often sued and had writs served upon him, and from the appearance of the document, took it to be a writ. To satisfy himself, he inquired of his neighbor, a democrat, and he was told in reply, that Governor Strong had sued him, though he had worked so hard to get the Governor elected. "D—n his eyes," says he, "I always heard it said he was an oldascal, but I never believed him, the first time he does is to go and sue me; and blast me if ever I vote for him again." The old fellow was not undeceived, and after that Governor Strong was chalked out of his books.

The snow-banks discount freely to-day.

Another mutiny.—The Journal of Commerce of Monday says: "Report is rife that letters from the U. S. ship John Adams, stated that, when near the Cape of Good Hope, a mutiny was discovered to have been planned among the crew. Such was the state of the crew, that the men were ordered on deck, and, being arraigned in line, they were asked what they wanted, when five of the men stepped forward with their complaints, who were instantly shot down, and the crew ordered to their duty. We have not the report exactly from first hands, but under such circumstances that we think something like this must have occurred."

There is not a single bank in the state of Illinois, the only two that did belong to it having exploded.

Why is the letter S like dinner? Because it comes before tea.

MARRIED.

In Parisanfield, Mr. Abel Jackson, aged 31, to Miss Abiah Morrill, of the blooming age of 66.
In Livermore, Mr. Alden Norris to Miss Sarah N. Gaslin.

DIED.

In Parisanfield, Mr. Josiah Davis, a Revolutionary pensioner, aged 92, the oldest man in P.
In Hollis, of consumption, Mr. George Emery, 23.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, March 31, 1843.

Remainder	Remainder
Andrew David	Kittredge Asaph
Andrew Edward	Millett George W 2
Alban Wm V	Merrill James
Gumpus Lorenzo S	Marshall Nathan
Clark Isaiah 2	Mann Isaac
Cummings Charles F	Merrill Sarah
Cummings Benjamin C	Parris Virgil D
Drake Ebenezer	Peterson Cornelius
Dudley Elias	Robinson Preston
Hamilton James 2	Randall James M
Hilborn Robert	Shurtleff Alva
Hooper James Rev	Sonborn Simon
Hubbard Hiram	Tubbs Wm B
Langdon & Bisbee	Tubbs Samuel
Morse & Shaw	Winslow Jacob
Johnson Lemuel 2	Whittemore Gideon B
Jordan David	SIMEON NORRIS, P. M. Paris.

For Sale, A FIRST RATE ACCORDION. Enquire at the Office.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.
FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Vials.
T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.
Price.—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to \$1.00.
do Tin Foil, 25 50.
do Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 100.
do Setting first Teeth, \$1.00 1.50, & 2.00.
Work warranted.—March 25, 1843.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, John Whittemore, of Hebron, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his Deed of Mortgage dated the 15th day of Oct. one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 40, page 289, conveyed to Moses Allen of said Hebron, certain real estate situated in said Hebron, for a particular description or which reference may be had to said Mortgage Deed; which Mortgage Deed has been duly assigned to the subscriber: Now notice is hereby given, by reason of the breach of said Deed of Mortgage, of my claim to the real estate described therein, and I give this notice to foreclose said Mortgage according to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

MOSES M. WHITTEMORE.
Oxford, March 23, 1843.

Foreclosure of Mortgage.

THE subscriber, being assignee of a mortgage dated and given on the seventh day of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, by Nathaniel Adkins, Jr. in Elias Craig, of the following described land, hereby gives notice that the condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof a foreclosure is claimed, viz: A lot situated in Canton, being the East half of lot No. ten in the fourteenth Range according to the survey of the town of Jay, of which said Canton formerly was a part, and being the same land which John Parsons conveyed as recorded in the Records of said County Book 63, page 342; also, Lot No. ten in the thirteenth Range according to said plan.

ASA REDDINGTON.
Augusta, March 15, 1843.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Joseph Cummings, of Bethel, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his Mortgage Deed dated September the twenty-seventh A. D. 1839, conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract of land and in said Bethel, it being "all of lot No. 8, in the 1st Range, except fifty acres off of the North end of said Lot," which Mortgage Deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 53, page 317;—and whereas, the condition of said Mortgage is broken I claim to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

Ebenezer Drake.
North Paris, March 23, 1843.

Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I, the subscriber, of Patten, in the County of Penobscot, do claim by deed of Mortgage executed to me by Henry Russ, of Patten, in the County of Oxford, the thirteenth day of April A. D. 1840, and recorded with Oxford County Deeds Book 59, page 225, a certain tract of land comprising a Saw-mill privilege and Saw-mill, situated in said Paris, County of Oxford and State of Maine;—And I further give notice that the conditions of the aforesaid mortgage have been broken, and that Henry Russ not having paid the notes mentioned in said condition; I therefore claim to have possession of said mortgaged premises for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and do foreclose the same.

ELBRIDGE G. STETSON.
By his Atty, WM. RUSS.
Dated at Paris, March 16, 1843.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

ON the twelfth of September, A. D. 1840, Thomas Turner, of Turner, now deceased, conveyed to me by Deed of Mortgage part of Lot 241 situated in Turner, County of Oxford, for the payment of a certain note of hand therein mentioned, reference for a more particular description of said land may be had to the Registry of Deeds for said County, Book 60th, page 9th.—The condition of said Mortgage having been broken, the undersigned claims possession of said land therein described for the purpose of foreclosing the same.

SIDNEY TURNER.
Livermore, March 15th, 1843.

For Sale, or to Let.

THE WELCHVILLE HOTEL, in Oxford, with 20 acres of first rate Farm Land. Possession given the 1st of April next. For terms, &c. enquire of BENJAMIN PRATT, Jr. Oxford, March 21, 1843.

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

Treasurer's Notice.—Porter.

Resident Money Tax.
NOTICE is hereby given to the owners of Real Estate in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same is taxed in Bills of Assessment bearing date—1843—and were committed to Joseph Taylor, Collector of said town for A. D. 1842, are still due and unpaid, and no person having appeared within six months from the date of said assessment to discharge the same he has made and certified a true copy of so much of the said Assessment as relates to the taxes due on such Real Estate, and I have caused the same to be duly recorded in a Book kept for that purpose.

Owners names or general description.	Range.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Ant. Tax.
Residents.				
Andrew G. Fox or unknown, 1 house, 1 barn and 28 acres of land occupied by A. G. Fox and others.	F	10	137	3 69
Thomas Chick Jr. or unk. 1 house, 2 barns and 20 1/4 acres of land occupied by T. Chick, Jr.	B	2 & 3	97	2 55
John Pearl or unk. 1 house and 100 acres of land.	E	15	104	4 32
Deane and Tracy or unk. 1 house and barn and 60 acres of land occupied by Jacob M. Nee.	G	15	142	4 78
Moses T. Graves or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 19 acres of land occupied by M. T. Graves.	F	16	93	2 44
Rufus Meservie or unknown 25 acres of land.	F	2	40	1 05
Jacob Pearo or unknown 35 acres of land.	A & B	10 & 11	35	92
Joseph Stanley, Jr. or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 32 acres of land occupied by J. Stanley, Jr.	B	13	104	4 32
Richard Fox or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 50 acres of land occupied by R. Fox.	G	13	179	4 71
Ezra Towl or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 50 acres of land occupied by E. Towl.	D	1	112	2 95
Joseph Braden or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 48 acres of land occupied by Jacob Braden.	G	8	121	3 18
Nathaniel Bedle or unk. 2 houses, 1 barn and 1 acre of land.	E	1	59	1 55
James Stanley or unk. 1 house and 55 acres of land occupied by J. Stanley.	B	17	85	2 23
Ammi Bridges or unk. 85 acres of land occupied by A. B.	C	15	118	3 11

Owners Names.	Range.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Ant. Tax.
Non-Residents.				
Unknown.	G	40	40	1 85
Deficient Highway, 1841.	A	3	37	46 120
Heirs of Wm. Towl, Esq.	A	3	44	44 115
do	B	100	75	1 97
do	B	2	15	11 23
do	C	3	50	50 132
do	C	7	70	84 221
do	C	1	100	75 197
do	C	2	14	14 36
do	C	6	32	24 62
do	C	6	38	25 75
do	C	7	36	27 70
do	C	8	20	35 29
do	C	9	12	9 23
do	C	10	60	60 135
do	C	16	50	25 65
do	C	17	54	41 67
do	D	1	60	60 153
do	D	2	148	74 194
do	D	3	98	49 123
do	D	4	143	74 184
do	D	5	143	74 194
do	D	6	30	23 59
do	D	7	38	74 194
do	D	9	80	80 211
do	D	15	70	70 207
do	D	16	46	73 114
do	D	16	105	78 205
do	D	17	5	4 10
One Store and Stable formerly occupied by Wm. T. Coolbroth, 112 of Barn formerly occupied by Wm. Towl, Esq.			85	2 24
BENJAMIN FRENCH, Treasurer of Porter for 1842.			40	1 05

Porter, Feb. 27, 1843.

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a License given from the Probate Court in the County of Oxford on the 15th day of October last (1842) there will be exposed for sale at public Auction, in the Tavern House of Samuel Sother, in Fryeburg, on Saturday the sixth day of May next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, all the real estate of the late Jonathan H. Ward, deceased and late of Fryeburg, in said County, consisting of one sixth part of the Water privilege, Shingle Machine and Tannery near Fryeburg Village, an undivided half of about ten acres of land up the stream and above said privilege. Also, an undivided half of about four hundred acres of pine land in the Codman land, so called, in Fryeburg. Also, an undivided half of Fifty acres of land in Stow, near Capt. Jeremy Eastman's. Also, two Lots of land in Bachelier's Grant. Also, the reversion of the Widow's dower: for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of sale.

EDWARD WESTON, Administrator.
Dated this 10th day of March, A. D. 1843.

Executor's Sale.

PURSUANT to a License of the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public Vendue so much of the real estate of SIMON S. STEVENS, late of Paris in said County, deceased, including necessary the reversion of the Widow's Dower therein, as will produce the sum of one thousand dollars for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of one half the farm on which the deceased formerly lived situated in Paris, and the right of redemption in the other half of said farm.

The sale will take place on the premises on Saturday, the 20th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

CYRIL STEVENS, Executor.
Paris, March 7, 1843.

Notice.

THE subscriber gives notice that having contracted with the Owners of the Poor of the town of Hartford to maintain Silas Doleen, a pauper of that town, for one year from this date, and having made ample provision for a comfortable living for him, at his dwelling in Hartford, he hereby forbids all persons trusting him or supporting him in any part, on account of the subscriber or of the town of Hartford.

JOSEPH DEARBORN.
Hartford, March 21, 1843.

FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED on Hamlin's Grant, consisting of 80 acres of good land under good improvement, with a good one story double House and a Barn 50 feet long by 32 wide. There is a thrifty young orchard of choice fruit. Said farm is within one and one half miles of Locke's Mills, and one and one half miles from the County road leading from Hartford to Portland, and one and one half miles from the County road leading from Hartford to Portland, with a good Town road running through the lot. Said farm will be sold cheap for cash or good security. For further particulars enquire of TIMOTHY

of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Joshua T. Hall, Administrator of the estate of Walker, late of Mexico, in said county, deceased, having sent his first account of his administration of the estate deceased.

It was **Ordered**, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, at Paris; that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register
#46

A true copy,
Attest—GEO. F. EMERY, Register

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of the
bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exert the same to

Oxford, March 7, 1843.

EZRA BARTLET

40

SAMUEL F. MARBLE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF
CUMBERLAND & OXFORD
POLAND, &c

WILL be sold immediately, at a great discount from former prices, the stock of the subscriber consisting of Stationery, Books, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Stoves, &c. &c. for READY PAY ONLY.

W. E. GOODNOW,
Norway, Dec. 25, 1842.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,
Deputy Sheriff,
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

For All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly
tended to.

Feb 14, 1842.

such as Boards, Plank, Shingle and Clapboards,
South Paris, Nov. 1, 1842. (126)

LYMAN DANIELS, M.D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

Dr. Thomas Brown, of Concord, N. H., writes that to knowledge, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectations of those who have used it.

The public are particularly cautioned against the *Counterfeits or Imitations* which have partially or wholly run off the name of the genuine article.

Be assured that it is not genuine unless one or two of the written signatures of SAMPSON REED or WM. JOSE CUTLER, are found attached to a yellow label on a blue envelope. (All labels of and after the date of Dec. 3, 1839, have the written signature of Wm. Jos. Cutler.) Prep. by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Low & Reed) y^e Wake Drugstore, 34 Clifton Street, Boston; and by J. G. Smith, Apothecaries and country merchants generally.

Price 50 cents.

PARIS, THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. enly 15

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